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The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLIII MARCH, 1935 No. 9

THE VICTORIOUS LIFE

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world. St. John 16:33.

When Alexander was a boy he was fearful lest his father conquer all the nations of the world and leave nothing for him to do. In twelve years, after his father's death, he became the greatest of world conquerors and earned for himself the title of "Alexander the Great."

From earliest times down to the present the Alexander type of leadership has been honored above all others. History is largely made up of the names and deeds of military heroes.

The Jews were looking for a Messiah who would be both a military and a religious leader. One who would free Palestine from bondage to Rome and restore the independence and glory of King David's reign, and likewise give to their religion a world-wide significance. With all this in mind they asked him,—"Art thou the Christ or look we for another." When they asked "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar?" they wanted him to say "No" and were unsatisfied with his reply.

At a very early age Christ revolted against the cruelties and horrors of human warfare. He not only sensed the inhuman aspects at its center but he saw clearly its failure to produce any beneficial results in the lives of men or any stability in the affairs of empires. At the very beginning of his public career he consciously and deliberately turned away from the Alexander type of leadership and set his face in the opposite direction.

When Christ said "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," he meant something vastly different from what Alexander meant. It was the difference between conquering nations by the power of the sword and saving them from their own destruction by the power of love.

It meant to him overcoming everything in the world and in one's own life that weakened, cheapened and detracted from the sacredness of human lives and human relationships, that obscured the presence of the divine in the human, that destroyed human happiness and retarded human progress.

Christ called men to a greater conflict than was ever dreamed of by Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon or a Kaiser. He had as definite a plan of campaign as any world conqueror ever had, but as his conception of God and human life differed from the prevailing conceptions of mankind his plan of campaign and his method of conquest were unlike the old and traditional ones.

He called for a great reversal in the popular conceptions of God, human life, relationships and conduct. He shifted the scenes of conflict and the field of battle from the outer world where man met man in a death struggle to the inner world of the spirit, of mind and conscience and affection, where the struggle is for the larger and deeper and more abundant life of personality. He called for a change at once intensive and extensive in the ideas, motives, ideals and faith of his own people and in the lives of other people.

With his life purpose in mind Christ chose twelve disciples as helpers and friends and later appointed seventy others and instructed and equipped them to be missionaries of the new Gospel. For about three years he worked as it is only

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possible for one to work who is conscious of having a world vision and a world mission.

No Cyrus, no Alexander, no Caesar was ever possessed by a more absorbing ambition to bring all nations to their feet than Christ was possessed by a divine passion to bring all individuals and all nations to his way of thinking, his way of believing and his way of living.

After he had spoken forth his marvelous teachings in parable, discourse and conversations and again and again had touched upon the deeper and more abiding realities of the mind, heart and spirit he determined to take his disciples and go to Jerusalem. It was his wish to be there during the feast of the Passover, when the city would be thronged with people from all over Palestine. This would give him the opportunity he wanted, that of putting the new Gospel to an open test in the great and holy city of the prophets.

He asked two of his disciples to procure for him a colt, and when they had done this he mounted and they started on their journey from Bethany to Jerusalem; others joined them on the way. In St. Mark it is recorded that,—"Many spread their cloaks on the road and others green branches which they had cut from palm trees. And those in front and those who followed cried,—"Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Blessed is the Kingdom that cometh, the Kingdom of our Father David! Hosanna in the highest!"

In the midst of a large concourse of people. Jesus passed through the city gates. This is what is called "The Triumphal Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem," and is celebrated in our churches on Palm Sunday.

Then, as we know all too well, followed in rapid succession those closing scenes of his life,—the denunciation of the Pharisees for their religious hypocrisy, the cleansing of the Temple, the Last Supper, the prayer in Gethsemane, the betrayal, the arrest, Peter's denials, the trial before the High Priest and the trials before Pilate; and, finally, the mocking, the scourging and the crucifixion;—scenes all of which wring tears of blood from our hearts. If it ever can be true in this world that, "One with God is a majority" it was true of him who paid the last full measure of devotion for his ideals on Calvary's brow.

The crucifixion marked the greatest turning point that has ever taken place in the life of the entire human race. The long expected Messiah of the Jews became the unexpected Messiah of Humanity. The crucifixion of Christ turned the apparent victory of his enemies into the pale ashes of defeat; for his truth and influence and power were destined to outlive the imperial majesty of the Roman Empire and the glory of his own people, Israel.

This supreme sacrifice of Christ placed the supreme emphasis upon the real wrongs in the world to be overcome and against which men and nations must fight, and it changed the field of battle from the physical to the spiritual realm and for the method of force it substituted the method of love.

Oh the mystery of the Gospel of Love! It has given birth to a moral and physical and spiritual heroism greater than the world has ever known. Again, the mystery and majesty of the Gospel of Love! "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." "Ye are my friends if ye do the things which I command you." "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

The battles of the future will be fought in the hearts and minds of men and by those who adopt the plan of campaign

and the method of conquest that were followed by the mighty prophet of Galilee, by him who conquered through obedience to the will of God, as that will was revealed to him in the eternal laws of divine sonship and human brotherhood.

Did Alexander live the Victorious Life? Is the Kaiser living the Victorious Life? Do the strong who exploit the weak live the Victorious Life? Do we live the Victorious Life of the Spirit if we fail to find in the timeless messages of the Christian Faith something to startle, humble, exalt, inspire, comfort and console?

"Speak, history! who are life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say,—
Are they those whom the world called the victors,
Who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans
Who fell at Thermopylae's tryst
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges
Or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

—*Rev. Frederic W. Smith.*

THE SECRET OF THE LORD

God sometimes shuts the door, and shuts us in,
That He may speak, perchance, through grief or pain;
And softly, heart to heart, above the din,
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door, and keeps us still,
That so our feverish haste, our deep unrest,
Beneath His gentle touch may quiet, till
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though shut in
If 't is His hand, shall we not wait and see?
If worry lies without, and toil, and sin,
God's word may wait within for you and me.

(*Contributed by Mrs. Beulah Moore, Lawsonville, N. C.*)

"ROCK OF AGES" AND THE BIBLE

The words of the well-known hymn "Rock of Ages" can be coupled with quotations or paraphrases from the Bible in a very interesting way.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
—*Psalm* 62:5-8.
Let me hide myself in thee.
—*Exodus* 33:22.
Let the water and the blood
—*John* 5:6.
From thy riven side which flowed
—*John* 19:34.
Be of sin the double cure;
—*II Kings* 2:9-10.
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
—*Isaiah* 1:18.
Not the labor of my hands
—*Psalm* 69:6.
Can fulfill the law's demands;
—*Matthew* 5:17-18.
Could my zeal no respite know,
—*Psalm* 69:6.
Could my tears forever flow,
—*Psalm* 6:6.
All for sin could not atone;
—*Hebrews* 10:5-6.
Thou must save, and thou alone.
—*Hebrews* 10:8-10.
Nothing in my hand I bring;
—*Isaiah* 4:1.
Simply to thy cross I cling;
—*Galatians* 6:14.
Naked, come to thee for dress,
—*Romans* 13:14.
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
—*Philippians* 4:13.
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
—*Psalm* 51:7.
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
—*John* 13:8.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
—*Psalm* 103:15-16.
When my eyelids close in death,
—*Ecclesiastes* 12:3-7.
When I soar to worlds unknown,
—*John* 14:2-3.
See thee on thy judgment throne,
—*Matthew* 25:31.
Rock of ages, cleft for me
—*I Corinthians* 10:4.
Let me hide myself in thee.
—*Psalm* 17:3.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Dept. H, Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Purcell O. Ladd, Cobham, Va., would like to thank all Cheerful Letter friends who have remembered her in the past. She would appreciate some sewing materials and embroidery. She would also like something with which to amuse her two little boys, aged 3 and 4 years.

2. I certainly will be grateful for any flour or sugar bags for quilt linings, sewing material, or reading matter. The children would enjoy puzzles or story books as we all get lonely here. Mrs. Emma Plowman, Rt. 3, Wadesboro, N. C.

3. Miss Ocie Powers, Sturgills, N. C., is badly crippled with T.B. in the ankle bone. She is 10 years old and would love a little bit of cheer, such as sewing and embroidery thread and good reading.

4. I would appreciate it if someone would send me bits of thread; also pencils and tablets to help the children in their schoolwork. The girl is 8 years old and the boys are 5 and 7. Mrs. Hobart Webb, Spencer, Va.

5. Mrs. Belle Mason, Rupert, Ark., is very lonely and could use some sewing material and thread of any kind. She wishes to thank one and all for past favors.

6. I am a boy, age 16 years, who lives on a farm. We work and share the crops which do not provide very much for us. I would appreciate some books or magazines, preferably Zane Grey's or Peter B. Kyne's. I have an older sister who would like embroidery pieces. Rudolph Preslar, Rt. 1, Norwood, N. C.

7. Mrs. Pearl Hurley, Grassy Creek, N. C., will be so glad to get embroidery thread, and books for the children, a boy 11 and a girl 9 years old.

8. My husband has taken up a Government homestead in the Ozark Mts., 8 miles from the nearest little town. My children would be so pleased to get cards or puzzles. I would like cotton and silk pieces, also a few wool pieces to finish a quilt top. I enjoy embroidering, knitting and crocheting. Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Scotland, Ark.

9. Miss Mae Farmer, Rugby, Va., is 13 years old. She is fond of embroidering and reading and hopes some one will remember her soon.

10. I live 65 miles from any of my folks and am crippled in one leg. I would appreciate sewing materials, and funny papers for my three little boys, 2, 5 and 8 years old. Mrs. Ara B. Davis,

Copeland, Ark.

11. Mrs. Attman Crist, Rt. 1, Tennessee Colony, Tex., is the mother of five children. Most of the crops were killed by the drought. She asks for sugar and salt bags, embroidery thread, and reading.

12. During the cold winter months, I would be grateful to have old stockings and rags for rugs, and sugar sacks for linings. Little sister desires good reading and pieces to work, as we are kept at home on account of our shut-in mother. I am lame and have been in bed four weeks. Miss Sadie L. Colson, Rt. 2, Box 22, Wadesboro, N. C.

13. I miss my far-off neighbors so much. Jewel is 4 years old and is lonesome for the two older children while they are in school. The Cheerful sisters have helped me with paper and pencils. I should like something to keep the little girl quiet while I work. Mrs. Zina Elliott, Comet, N. C.

14. Mattie L. Bennett, Buffalo Ridge, Va., loves to read, and would like the True Story magazine, or any magazine which contains short stories.

15. I am the mother of five living children; two have passed into the Heaven. My husband has been down with a broken leg for a year. I would be thankful for some scraps of cotton and magazines for the girls. The 9 and 12 year-old boys enjoy picture books. Mrs. Stella Lackey, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

16. Mrs. Howard Murphy, Rt. 1, Lansing, N. C., writes that she has been very lonely since the death of her little girl. She has a boy 20 months old. They live 8 miles back in the mountains where reading matter is scarce. She would be glad to receive any kind of sewing material.

17. I should like to have some books and papers to read. I have a large family of ten. We are poor and some of us have T.B. We live on a rented farm several miles from town. Mrs. Dollie Ball, Englewood, Tenn.

18. I wish to express my gratitude to the Cheerful Letter for helping to bring joy and gladness to us at Christmas. I cannot express in words as to the good feeling we have, and shall never forget our good friends. Any reading matter would be appreciated. Mrs. Ella Mizell, Koch Ridge, Ark.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Rosa Egger from Scotland, Ark., to Rt. 1, Cleveland, Ark.

Mrs. Grace Coffey from Umatilla, Fla., to Rt. 1, Athens, Tenn., c/o D. H. Womac.

Mrs. Mary A. Clark from Headland, Ala., to Rt. 1, Midland City, Ala.

Mrs. Zina Elliott from Edison, N. C., to Comet, N. C.

Mrs. Lorraine West from Cumming, Ga., to R. F. D. 2, Chamblee, Ga.

CORRECTION

Mrs. Ann Carter from Chillicothe, to R. 1, c/o Mr. Jack Harris, Pampa, Texas.

ATTENTION — CHEERFUL LETTER CHAIRMAN

Chairmen or workers desiring regular correspondents should write to Department H, Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Please do not select regular correspondents from the Appeals or add names other than those given out at Headquarters. Any information regarding correspondents or appeals should be addressed to this Department.

HOME-MADE PASTE

One teaspoonful each of sugar, starch and flour. Blend with cold water, then pour on boiling water. Stir until the consistency desired. Cool.

(Sent in by Miss Elizabeth Hoxie, 9 Adams St., Newburyport, Mass.)

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood. "I'd travel!"

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his. When he looked up she had gone. *In his hand was a nickel!*

—Rammer Jammer.

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND

V. Christianity

The explanations and interpretations of many theologians and creed-makers, which neither explain nor interpret Christianity aright, have given us what Dr. Fosdick says is "a religion about Christ, not the religion of Christ." In order to understand Christ we must ever bear in mind this clear-cut and significant distinction between dogmatic and liberal Christianity.

Christ was born and raised a Jew (Hebrew) and was the long expected but misunderstood and rejected Messiah of his people. The highest and best development of the Hebrew religion is found in the lives and teachings of the eighth century prophets, and they were the spiritual ancestors of Jesus. When, for the first and only time, he stood up to read the scriptures in the synagogue in Nazareth he turned to the words of the prophets and later he put at the centre of his own Gospel the two great commandments—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

With Abraham began a new era in the religious life of mankind and with Christ began another and a still larger era. The uniqueness of Christ's life—and it was unique in the highest sense of the term—is not found in the creeds of Christendom but in the life and sayings of Jesus himself. The following are a few of his characteristic teachings:

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfil.

My Father is greater than I. . . . I am in the Father and the Father in me. . . . He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. . . . The Father that sent me, he hath given me a commandment, what I should say. . . . I am not alone because the Father is with me. . . . Not my will but thine be done. . . . Father, forgive them for they know not what they do. . . . Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

After this manner pray ye. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. . . . Ye are the light of the world. . . . Ye are the salt of the earth. . . . A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. . . . Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

The kingdom of God is among you. . . . Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. . . . Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Suffer the little children to come unto me. . . . Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. . . . Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve. . . . Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see God. . . . Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled. . . . Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God.

Which, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers? . . . Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. . . . All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.

Every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man who built his house upon the rock. And every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand.

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.

—*Rev. Frederic W. Smith.*

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content. —*Franklin.*

MOOSEHEART'S AIM IS EDUCATION FOR LIFE

"What shall we do to make a living?"

This question was asked by approximately one million boys and girls who were graduated in June from America's high schools, and by about 160,000 young men and women who left the colleges and universities with degrees. The difficulties which these young people have to face are due chiefly to the fact that their education has not fitted them for anything in particular. They have acquired, more or less by rote, bits of information about matters which are little related to each other. They have lived under all kinds of home conditions, but have fostered what is euphemistically called a "school" spirit which, for the time, at least, seemed to produce a spirit of equality. By far the largest number of them have been supported during these years by their parents, and they know little of social responsibility.

The "City of Childhood," as Mooseheart, Illinois, has been called by its graduates, in plain terms is an institution for orphans and half-orphans, maintained by the Loyal Order of Moose. It has, however, no traits at all which are supposed to be characteristic of an orphan aslyum. There are no gates, fences, or walls to keep the children in; they are glad to stay there, and expulsion not only is considered a disgrace, but the greatest of all punishments. The children roam over an area of 1,200 acres, engage in all kinds of aquatic sports on the lake, and enter into every game suitable to their age. They are housed in cottages, homelike and never crowded; from two to four children to a room, and from twenty to thirty to a cottage. They never are made to feel that they are objects of charity, but treated as members of a family and entitled to a good education extending through high school. No child, indeed, is permitted to leave before finishing high school, or its equivalent.

There are from 1,200 to 1,400 children at Mooseheart. They range in age from one year to eighteen years. The average stay is nine years. About 25 per cent. live there from eight to twelve years, and another 25 per cent. from twelve to sixteen years.

Mooseheart is a nearly self-contained community, with its own post office, hospital, schools, church, farm, dairy, stores, shops, bank, and radio station. All the milk, which forms a staple article of food for all children but, more particularly, for the younger ones, comes from its own dairy. Much of the food and all vegetables come from its own farm. A dietitian sees to it that all children receive food appropriate to their age and physical condition, and cottage mothers look after cleanliness and fresh air in the rooms. They have little trouble along that line.

Health is one of the features which Mooseheart fosters specifically. Prevention is the principle underlying all activities. Food, housing, play, work, and study are regulated carefully. A case of cold is, at its very beginning, taken in hand by the resident physicians. Every kind of immunization serum is applied during the probationary admittance period. A careful physical and psychological examination precedes even that; and the physician and psychologist examine every child regularly.

As one wanders about on the well-kept grounds of the "residence district" of Mooseheart, with its flowers and shrubbery, and meets the children with their springy steps and hearty laughter, the impression that they are happy because they are healthy is inescapable.

It is not all play, though, at Mooseheart. Much hard and serious work has to be done, because these children, always fatherless, have to be prepared for making their own living when they leave.

The general aim of Mooseheart education is twofold—to impart culture and to prepare for a trade. The first object is met by a system of schools extending from the nursery to high school. The system followed in these different grades is that of the best public and private schools, and need not be described. The other object, to prepare for a trade, is most interesting.

On entering junior high school, every boy and girl is made acquainted with four occupational groups. For six months several hours are devoted every afternoon to work on some group, the object being to test the fitness and preference of the pupils for any one. On entering high school, each boy and girl must choose one specific occupation, at which several hours are passed in the afternoon during high-school attendance and all the time during three months before entering the senior year. The boys have a choice from nearly twenty-five, and the girls from twenty-three occupations. The work done is thorough; it must stand the test of actual use either in some building at Mooseheart, or in the open market of nearby, or distant, cities.

The more specific features of Mooseheart education are threefold—social responsibility, individual initiative, and individual responsibility.

Every attempt is made by the teachers and especially the psychologist to discover any special talent the child may have; it then is fostered and provided with every opportunity for development. While life at Mooseheart is carefully regulated, stress always is laid on individual responsibility. "We do all we can to help you, but you must do your own part," is the motto.

The older boys and girls are paid a suitable wage for their work. The boys have to buy and pay for their own clothes out of this wage, and the girls buy the material for their clothes. Each girl must make her own graduation dress, the material for which must not exceed $5 in cost. Both boys and girls have to deposit $50 in a bank before graduation.

What are the results of this education? Up to 1933, more than 900 graduates have left Mooseheart. Approximately 15 per cent. have gone to college and, owing to their mastery of a trade, have paid their own way, and entered various professions. The others have done well in their trades and crafts because they combined a considerable degree of culture with manual skill. More important still, they are imbued with high moral and spiritual principles, and, within twenty years, not a single one has been accused of a crime or felony. The 161 graduates of this year, consequently, are looking back with pride upon what Mooseheart graduates have done, and forward with confidence that they will do likewise.

—*Literary Digest.*

VOICES

(*A Shut-in Muses on the Marvel of the Radio*)

Lifting us out of our lower selves,
Come the voices over the air.
Living voices, hearty and friendly,
Making life sweeter, easing its care.

If the nights are long and dreary,
And every morn brings pain,
A golden voice will sing to you,
"Rejoice, for the Lord doth reign!"

If a legal tangle besets your path
And you know not where to turn,
Just set your dial and listen in;
From a tall, grave judge you'll learn.

If you're alone and a sense of guilt
Throbs through your tired brain,
The voice of praise to a merciful God
Will set you right again.

If you're bereft of one you loved,
And naught can pleasure give,
The preacher's voice consoling comes,
"He that was dead shall live."

The radio hath powers to bless,
A miracle wrought by God and man;
The lightning caged, the air subdued,—
How vast and intricate the plan!

O, let none say in these latter days
That things are bad as they *can* be,
Though blind our eyes and weak our hearts,
Through *listening* we shall *see*.

(*Contributed by Carrie J. Beaman, The Haven, Abington, Conn.*)

Content is the philosopher's stone that turns all it touches into gold.

—*Old Proverb.*

RHEUMATIC FEVER

Rheumatic fever is an acute infectious disease, often characterized by fever, painful and swollen joints, and subsequent heart damage.

It is one of the most serious of diseases —not because of the deaths during the acute stage (which come to 3 per cent) but because of the damage to the heart and its valves, which so often accompanies this infection.

Heart disease interferes with the work, play and comfort of at least 2,000,000 people in this country. The heart disease attributable to rheumatic fever occurs primarily in early life—roughly one child in a hundred has it. The United States census of 1920 showed there were 45,000,000 children under 19 years of age. This would mean that our country has close to half a million children with hearts damaged from rheumatic fever.

What can you do to prevent or modify this serious ailment in your family? It seems likely that the germ of the rheumatic infection may gain entrance into the system through diseased tonsils, adenoids, or decayed teeth. These diseased conditions can be discovered early and prompt treatment started if your family makes a yearly visit to your physician. It is the early or mild type of case which is ignored and which often severely damages the heart.

Don't call the pains in your child's thigh or calf "growing pains." We get no pains from growing. Such pains are almost always evidences of rheumatic infection and should receive the medical attention a serious disease demands. Similar attention should be given to chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, which is also due to the rheumatic infection. Don't call your child's twitching "a disagreeable habit" —only a physician can distinguish "habit spasm" from the serious St. Vitus' dance. Unexplained temperature, vague sore throats, nervousness and irritability may be early warnings of rheumatic fever. Spontaneous nose bleeds are commonly associated with this infection and they may be its only warning.

Should your physician make the diagnosis of rheumatic fever on your child, be guided by his decision as to the period of convalescence even though it seems unduly long to you. Your physician alone can determine the activity of the rheumatic infection and can minimize the heart damage by regulating the patient's activities. Follow his advice on the avoidance of infections and on the possible treatment of tonsils, adenoids and teeth.

Every person who has had a rheumatic infection such as inflammatory rheumatism or St. Vitus' dance should be examined periodically to determine whether the heart has been affected. Those who have had one attack of rheumatic infection are more liable to have repeated attacks, and with each attack there is danger of further heart damage. Therefore, see your physician at once if there is recurrence of rheumatic pains. If your child has had rheumatic fever and then does not gain in weight, looks pale, tires easily, has a poor appetite, or any fever, he may be starting a new attack or may even at this time have serious heart trouble.

A crippled heart is, in many respects, like a crippled hand or foot—a handicap rather than a disabling disease. The person with rheumatic heart disease has a capacity for physical exercise in the form of work or play which is limited to his individual case. These limitations can be established only after careful study and supervision by your physician.

—Massachusetts Department of Public Health in Boston Globe.

"Is your husband a bibliomaniac?" asked one lady when Mrs. Gotrex showed them into the library where every book was a leather-bound edition de luxe.

The hostess stared coldly at her questioner.

"Certainly not!" she snapped in offended tones. "He doesn't *bibble a bit*—not that he won't take a drop now and then with his meals if the rest do. But that's as far as he goes."

—Bystander.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL

"But I don't want to go!" fussed Jack. "I've just this minute finished laying my tracks, and I've only had my electric train since Christmas!"

"I'll promise your track will be untouched when you get back," said Mother. "Jump into your togs, like the helpful boy you are, and trot along. Here's the list. We need everything on it for supper. You'll be hungry by supper time, and so will Daddy, and so will Baby."

"Baby has cereal," said Jack. "She doesn't have supper."

"Cereal is supper, and cereal tops the list," said Mother. "When Baby is as big as you are, she'll help, too. It takes everybody's helping to make a family. That's a secret you never knew before. Run along."

Half an hour later, Jack was back, cheeks scarlet, eyes shining. "Mother!" he called, the instant he was inside the door. "Mother! Where are you?"

"Kitchen," called Mother, briefly.

Jack put his bundles absent-mindedly on the kitchen table, and dangled a pair of skates before Mother's astonished eyes.

"Yes, sir, skates!" said Jack, excitedly. "I was buying your stuff, and along comes Mrs. Brown and she gives me the skates and says Ted has outgrown 'em and Ted's been meaning to give 'em to me, and he forgets everything, Mrs. Brown says; so she thought she'd bring 'em herself before the skating was over, and she was on her way up, but she'd rather come another day, and will I take 'em myself! Skates, Mother!"

"Skates, son!" said Mother, laughing. "So that's what you found at the bottom of your bowl today!"

"My bowl?"

"That's what I tell Baby, when she eats her cereal," said Mother, laughing. But Jack was too absorbed in his skates to listen.

"And you said I could learn to skate this winter, and I didn't have any skates, and now I have 'em!"

"You mustn't expect such a nice picture at the bottom of your bowl every time," said Mother. "But you look hard enough each time, and you'll always find some kind of picture. Poor Baby finds the same one every day. But that's the way we all begin."

Looking around, she found she had been talking to empty air. The whir and rush from the living room told her that the electric train had started on its daily trip across the country and back.

Next morning Jack came to the breakfast table brimming with excitement. "And I dreamed I could skate, Daddy! Skate round and round the pond, just the way the big boys do. I'm going to try, right after breakfast."

Mother looked at Father. Father looked at Mother. "Don't go alone, son," said he. "Sorry I can't stay home and take you. You go with some big boy, the first few times."

"Then I'll never go!" said Jack. "How'll I know when a big boy'll take me?"

"Oh! nice things just happen—often happen," said Father, hurrying for hat and overcoat.

"And I wanted to go right after breakfast!" Jack reopened the matter with Mother, after Father had gone.

"You couldn't have gone at once, anyway," said Mother. "Not till you sort out that tool box out in the garage. You promised Daddy yesterday that you'd do it first thing this morning."

"I could do it anytime, all day," argued Jack, even while he got into his warm outdoor togs.

"I'm a great believer in eating your cereal without fussing," said Mother. "You find all sorts of pictures at the bottom of the bowl."

"Cereal?" said Jack. "I've eaten my cereal. I'm not slow, like Baby."

"Baby's doing her level best," defended Mother, going over to Baby, who, in her high chair, was eating her cereal as fast as uncertain, chubby hands could manage an obstinate spoon.

"You do the garage job, and I'll tell

you the cereal story, the minute you come in," promised Mother, seeing Jack's baffled expression.

An hour later, Jack burst in the front door, shouting, "Mother! Where are you?"

"Kitchen."

"Mother, it's all done, and Tom Barnes came along home from the pond, and I asked him if the skating was good, and he said, 'Was it!' and I told him 'bout my skates and he said I could go with him, right after lunch!"

"What a lucky boy you are at finding pictures!" said Mother. "We'll have lunch early so you'll surely be ready. Now I'm going to tell you the cereal-picture story, and you can't say it isn't true!"

"You began 'bout Baby eating cereal," said Jack, kicking off snowy overshoes.

"Yes, that's the right beginning. Baby doesn't like cereal very much—think how much of it she has to eat! But you don't hear her fuss much about it, now do you? She eats away, like the good Baby she is, and every time she's through, she laughs and crows. Why, do you suppose?"

"Why?" echoed Jack.

"Because she has found the picture at the bottom of the bowl."

"That yellow duck?"

"Baby loves that yellow duck, and she's willing to eat up her cereal to find it."

"Well, what else?" prompted Jack. "I don't see what Baby's yellow duck has got to do with me, and you're always saying—"

"Baby's yellow duck is where we all begin. When we got bigger, we find different kinds of cereal, and different pictures at the bottom of our bowls."

As Jack's face was vacant of understanding, she went on: "Maybe the jobs you don't like, but have to do, are like Baby's cereal. Get through with them, and what do you find?"

"What?"

"Can't you finish the story?" Mother laughed at his blankness and gave him a hug. "Yesterday, didn't you find skates at the bottom of your bowl? Today, did you find Tom?"

"Humph!" said Jack. "Does it always work that way?"

"Depends entirely on the eyes of the looker," said Mother. "Maybe you had wonderful pictures at the bottom of your first two bowls, so you'd always look sharp, and find nice pictures when they're not so plain. Sometimes they're very faint; but you use your eyes, my son, and you'll soon find that the harder you look, the better game you play."

—Mary Bradford in The Christian Register.

SUNSET

As I stroll along at ease,
Along a narrow street lined with trees
Which stately arch the street,
Alone at sundown, I walk the homeward beat.
The sunset glories through the distant treetops shine,
Soon I come in sight of that home of mine.
The rosy glow of the beautiful sunset embraces
Everything flowing into distant places.
As the sunset glories dim,
The shadowy form of trees so tall and slim
Cast their shadows upon everything:
I hear low murmurs as the treetops sing.
Then I must leave this that I praise so high
To go indoors. Why should I? Why?

—By Marion King (Aged 13), Eau Claire, Wis.

THE OTTER'S FIRST SWIM

When he went into the water the next night and tried to walk towards his mother, he floated. He was so pleased that he set out across the river by himself, finding that he could turn easily towards his mother by swinging his hindquarters and rudder. He turned and turned many times in his happiness; east towards Willow Island and the water-song, west towards the kingfishers' nest, and Peal Rock below Canal Bridge, and the otter-path crossing the big bend. North again and then southwest, where the gales came from, up and down, back-

wards and forwards, sometimes swallowing water, at other times sniffing it up his nose, sneezing, spitting, coughing, but always swimming. He learned to hold his nose above the ream, or ripple, pushed in front of it.

While swimming in this happy way, he noticed the moon. It danced on the water just before his nose. Often he had seen the moon, just outside the hollow tree, and had tried to touch it with a paw. Now he tried to bite it, but it swam away from him. He chased it. It wiggled like a silver fish and he followed it to the sedges on the far bank of the river, but it no longer wriggled. It was waiting to play with him. Across the river Tarka could hear the mewing of his sisters, but he set off after the moon over the meadow. He ran among buttercups and cuckoo-flowers and grasses bending with bright points. Farther and farther from the river he ran, the moonlight gleaming on his coat. Really it was brown like the dust in an October puff-ball, but the water sleeked the hair.

As he stopped to listen to the bleat of lambs, a moth whirred by his head and tickled him. . . . Tarka forgot the moon-play. He crouched in the grasses, which rose above his head like the trees of a forest, some with tops like his rudder, others like his whiskers, and all whispering as they swayed. The nightjar returned, clapping its wings over its head with the noise of a dry stick cracking. Tarka was glad to hear his mother calling him. He mewed. He listened and the whistle was nearer, so he ran away in the wet grasses.

—From "Tarka the Otter," by Henry Williamson.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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